

THE STAR AND BANNER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 17, 1847.

[NEW SERIES—NO. 30.]

DRUG & BOOK STORE, GETTYSBURG, P. A.

The Subscriber tenders his acknowledgments to the Public for the liberal and steady patronage with which he has been favored for a series of years, and respectfully announces that he has just received, at his old established stand in Chambersburg street, a large and fresh supply of

DRUGS & MEDICINES,
PAINTS, VARNISH, DYE-STUFFS
and every variety of articles usually found in a Drug store, to which he invites the attention of the public, with assurances that they will be furnished at the most reasonable prices.

The subscriber has also largely increased his assortment of BOOKS, by an additional supply of

Books,
embracing almost every variety of Standard and Popular Literature; also,

Blank Books and Stationery
of all kinds, GOLD PENS, Pencils, Visiting and Printing Cards, Card Cases, Inkstands, &c. &c., all of which, as usual, he sold at the lowest prices.

Arrangements have been made by which anything not included in his assortment will be promptly ordered from the Cities.

S. H. BUEHLER,
Gettysburg, Oct. 22, 1847.

I have at present on hand an excellent assortment of BIBLES, plain and fancy, for school and family use, at very low prices.

VALUABLE MILL PROPERTY FOR RENT.

The Subscriber, Executrix of HENRY MYERS, deceased, and testamentary Guardian of his minor children, offers for RENT, from the 1st day of April next, the valuable property known as the

"Virginia Mills,"
They are situated in Hamilton township, Adams county, 1 1/2 miles from Fairfield, and in one of the best grain-growing sections of the county. The Mills are newly erected, and in complete repair; they consist of a Grist Mill, Saw Mill, &c., all in good order. There are about 500 Acres in the Farm, with Dwelling-house, Tenant House, Barn, &c., a large quantity of meadow and arable lands, &c.

The Terms will be made known by the subscriber, residing on the premises. Applications must be accompanied by proper recommendations.

MARY MYERS,
Virginia Mills, Oct. 29, 1847—17

SHERIFF'S SALES.

In pursuance of sundry writs of *Exonors*, and a writ of *Testatum Venditionis*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county, and to me directed, will be exposed to public sale on Saturday the 18th of December, 1847, at 10 o'clock, P. M. at the Court-house, in the borough of Gettysburg, the following Real Estate, to wit:

A Tract of Land,
situate in Hamilton and Liberty townships, Adams county, Pa., containing

200 ACRES
more or less, on which are erected a two story

Dwelling House,
(part log and part stone), a

GRIST MILL,
with two pair of Burrs and one pair of Country Stones, a Saw Mill, a Stone Bank Barn, Wagon Shed, Corn-Crib, and other outbuildings; also, a Tenant House, a well of Water near the door, and a variety of Fruit Trees upon the premises. Said property is situated on Middle Creek, adjoining lands of Jacob Waddy, John Eiker, Wm. London, and others. Also,

A Tract of Mountain Land,
containing 200 ACRES,
more or less, adjoining lands of Christian Musselman, Robert Stemmans, and others. Seized and taken in execution as the Estate of MARTIN NEWMAN, deceased, at the time of his decease, with notice to widow, heirs and terre-tenants

—A. L. S.—

A Tract of Mountain Land,
situate in Franklin township, Adams county, containing

128 Acres, more or less,
adjoining lands of Joseph Baker, Lawrence Sheffine and others. Seized and taken in execution as the Estate of HENRY WEAVER, with notice to Frederick Herr as terre-tenant.

—A. L. S.—

A Tract of Land,
situate in Menallen township, Adams co., adjoining lands of Joseph Taylor, Nicholas Bear and others, containing **93 1/2 Acres**, more or less, on which are erected a two-story log

Dwelling-house,
a one and a half-story log Dwelling-house and Kitchen, a log Stable, with Thrashing-floor, Sheds, &c., and a log Stable. A portion of this Tract (about 20 Acres) is covered with Timber; about 12 Acres of Meadow; a small Nursery; the balance is in a good state of cultivation, with Springs through the premises.—Seized and taken in execution as the Estate of JOHN STERNBERG.

The Person purchasing property at Sheriff's sale, will have to pay ten per cent. of the purchase money on the day of sale.

BENJAMIN SCHRIVER, Sheriff,
Sheriff's Office, Gettysburg,
November 19, 1847.

A HOUSE AND LOT IN PETERSBURG, (Y. S.) AT PUBLIC SALE.

On Saturday the 18th of December next, at 12 o'clock, M., on the premises, I WILL sell my HOUSE and LOT, situate in Petersburg, (Y. S.) fronting on the Hanover and Carlisle Turnpike, and adjoining lot of Robert Livingston on one side, and an alley on the other. The Improvements are a large

Two-story Weather-boarded HOUSE,
60 feet by 30, a one and a half-story Back-building, a Coachmaker's Shop, a first-rate Barn, a well of excellent Water convenient to the door, and a fine Garden.

Also, at the same time and place, **APPROXIMATELY** across said Alley, adjoining lots of Wm. Gardner, and others, with a good

Apple & Peach Orchard
thereon. The lots will be sold separately or together, as purchasers may desire. The Terms will be made known on the day of sale by

SAMUEL A. NEELY,
Petersburg, (Y. S.) Nov. 28—17

VALUABLE STORE HOUSE AT PUBLIC SALE.

NOW there is a rare chance for Merchants to get one of the most valuable situations for business in the State. The subscriber will expose to Public Sale, on Saturday the 8th of January, 1847, at 10 o'clock, A. M. on the premises, his

Valuable Property,
on which he now resides, situated in PETERSBURG, (Y. S.) Adams county, Pa., on the corner of Main and Harrison streets. The Buildings are first-rate. Call and see them, and judge for yourselves. Terms made known on the day of sale.

JOHN B. McCREARY,
N. B.—If the above named property is not sold on or before the 8th of January, it will be FOR RENT.

He would also inform the public that he has a splendid assortment of

DRY GOODS,
which he will sell off at wholesale or retail, at reduced prices and great bargains.

NOTICE.

I AM going to Schuylkill county to commence the Coal Mining business. (I want money), and give notice to all persons indebted to me to call immediately, and settle the same. If their accounts are not settled on or before the 1st day of February next, they will not blame me if they find them in the hands of an Officer.

JOHN B. McCREARY,
Petersburg, (Y. S.) Nov. 26, 1847.

REGISTRAR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all Legatees and other persons concerned, that the **ADMINISTRATION ACCOUNTS** of the deceased persons herein-after mentioned will be presented at the Orphan's Court of Adams county, for confirmation and allowance, on **Wednesday, the 31st day of December next, viz:**

The account of Wm. Wolf, Administrator of the Estate of Joseph Miller, dec'd.

The third account of Wm. Albright, one of the Executors of the last will and testament of Daniel Eyster, deceased.

The account of Anthony Deardorff and Samuel Deardorff, Administrators of the Estate of Samuel Deardorff, deceased.

The second and final account of John Marshall, Administrator of the Estate of Samuel Knox, deceased.

The account of George Heagy and Wm. Gitt, Testamentary Trustees of Mary Ann Heagy.

ROBERT COBEAN, Registrar,
Registrar's Office, Gettysburg,
Nov. 26, 1847.

YORK SPRINGS SEMINARY FOR FEMALES.

This School is located in a healthy part of the country, within 1/2 of a mile of York Springs, and 20 miles west of York, at which place persons arriving in the morning train of Cars, by applying to Samuel Hays, will meet with ready convenience to this place on the same day, and those coming in the afternoon train can take the Gettysburg Stage immediately for Gitt's Tavern, on the York and Gettysburg turnpike, where they will be accommodated over night and conveyed here the next day. The School is also easy of access from Baltimore, Carlisle, Harrisburg, and Gettysburg, as stages from each of these places pass through Petersburg (one mile north of this) every other day of the week.

The course of instruction comprises all the branches of a solid liberal English Education, together with the French and German languages, and Drawing.

The summer Session will commence on the first second day in the 5th month, and that for the winter on the first second day in the 11th month, and each continue 22 weeks.

TERMS.—For Tuition, Boarding, Washing, &c., \$50 per session of 22 weeks, one-half payable in advance, and the remainder at the end of the term. No extra charges except for the French and German languages, and Drawing. The use of Reading Books and Library without charge; other Books and Stationery, when needed, furnished at the usual prices.

Each pupil must furnish her own wash-basin and towel, and have each article of clothing marked with her entire name.

JOEL WIERMAN,
LYDIA S. WIERMAN,
York Springs, Adams Co., Pa.—3m

SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY, of all kinds, constantly on hand and for sale, at the lowest prices, at the Book and Stationery Store of

S. H. BUEHLER.
Dec. 10.

From the People's Journal HOLY LAND.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.
VI. THE JORDAN AND DEAD SEA.

This day, (April 6th), we were to visit the Jordan and Dead Sea. In the early morning, about five o'clock, I ascended a steep mound near our encampment, and saw a view as different from that of the preceding day as a change of lights could make it. The sun had not risen; but there was a hint of its approach in a gush of pale light behind Moab mountains.

The strip of woodland in the middle of the plain looked black in contrast with the brightening yellow precipices of Quarantia on the west. Southwards, the Dead Sea stretched into the land, grey and clear. Below me, our tents and horses, and the moving figures of the Arabs, enlivened the shadowy banks of the stream.

We were off soon after six, and were to reach the banks of the Jordan in about two and a half hours. Our way lay through the same sort of forest land that we had encamped in. It was very wild; and almost the only tokens of habitation that we met with, were about Ribbah—some supposed to be the exact site of the ancient Jericho. This is no more a miserable village as any in Palestine; and its inhabitants are as wild in character as its soil. No stranger thinks of going near it who is not well armed and guarded. Yet there is no need to resort to any means but honest and very moderate industry, to obtain a comfortable subsistence here—if only honesty were encouraged, and industry protected by a good social state. The fine fig-trees that are scattered around, and the abundant promise of the few crops that are sown, show that the soil and climate are not to blame. At this place there is a **square tower, conspicuous far above the trees, which some suppose to be the sole remnant of the great city; but it can hardly be so ancient enough to have belonged to the inhabitants.**

On the hillside in the midst of the brush-wood, we saw a few birds of such a size that one of the party, in a moment of forgetfulness, cried out, "Ostriches!" There are no ostriches in this country; but these cranes looked very like them, while on the plain. One saw one rise, stretching out their own legs behind them—certainly the largest birds I ever saw fly—or probably shall ever see.

Though we could not see what the river could not be seen until the travel reached its very banks, we could not help looking for it. Three broad rivers must have been to expect. The only one we saw was a deep bed, where it is hidden among the woodlands. In length of water various such at different seasons; though less now than formerly. The Scriptures speak so much of the overflow of Jordan, and of the line coming up to the averting of Jordan, that it is supposed that formerly the river was subject to inundations which may have formed the three terraces above mentioned, and caused the extraordinary fertility of the plain in old times; and that the world-homes which then harbored in the broken, came up to terrify the dwellers in the fields. The channel is an arid bed, and the river now in the fullest season, only brings over its banks into the broken, so as to stand among the canes, and never reaches the terraces.

Though we were all on the lookout, and though we reached the river at the spot which is cleared for the approach of the Eastern pilgrims, we could not see the water till we could almost touch it. The first notice to me of where it was, was from some of the party dismounting on the pilgrim's beach. When I came up—O! how beautiful it was!—how much more beautiful than all pictures and all descriptions had led me to expect! The only drawback was, that the stream was turbid; not only whitish, from a sulphurous admixture, but muddy. But it swept nobly along, with a strong and rapid current, and many eddies, gushing through the thick woodland, and flowing in among the tall trees, now smiting the white rocks of the opposite shore, and now winding away out of sight behind the poplars and acacias and the tall reeds which crowd its banks. It is not a broad river; but it is full of majesty from its force and loveliness. The vigorous, upspringing character of the wood along its margin struck me much; and we saw it now in its vivid spring green.

The pilgrims rush into the sacred river in such number, and with so little precaution as to the strength of the current, that no year passes without some loss of life; and usually several perish. This year only one was drowned. Whatever superstition there might have been among our company, it was not of this sort; and we bathed in safety. The ladies went north; the gentlemen south. I made a way through the thicket with difficulty, till I found a little cove, which the current did not enter, and over which hung a sycamore, whose lower branches were washed by the ripple which the current sent as it passed. On these branches the bathers might stand or sit without touching the mud, which lay soft and deep below.

The limestone precipices and wooded promontory opposite made the river particularly beautiful here; and sorry I was to leave it at last.

It is useless to attempt to make out where the baptism of Jesus took place, or where his disciples and John administered the rite. And on the spot one has no pressing wish to know. The whole of this river is so sacred and so sweet that it is enough to have saluted it in any part of its course.

One thing more we did; we remembered friends far away, and carried away some water for them, having provided in cases for the purpose. The Queen's children are baptized in Jordan water; and I brought away a careful for the baptism of the child of a friend who lives further away from the Jordan than our Queen does. This business done, we were summoned to horse, and rode away southward to the Dead Sea.

The belt of woodland soon turned away eastward, and we found ourselves exposed to extreme heat, on a desolate plain crust-

ed with salt and cracked with drought. There had been a closeness and murkiness in the air, all the morning, which was very oppressive; and now it was, at our usual slow pace, almost intolerable. I put my horse to a fast canter, and crossed the plain as quick as possible, finding this pace a relief to my horse as well as myself. The drift on the beach of the sea looked dreary enough; ridges of broken canes and willow twigs washed up, and lying among the salt, and the little unwholesome swamps of the shore; but the waters looked bright and clear, and so tempting that our horses put their noses down repeatedly, always turning away again in disgust. I tasted the water—I should never get the taste out of my mouth again. And this is the water that poor Costigan's coffee was made of!

Costigan was a young Irishman, whose mind was possessed with the idea of exploring the Dead Sea, and giving the world the benefit of his discoveries. It would have been a useful service; and he had zeal and devotedness enough for it. But he wanted either knowledge or prudence; and he lost his life in the adventure without having left us any additional information whatever. He had had a small boat carried overland by camels; and in this he set forth, (in an open boat, in the month of July) with only one attendant, a Maltese servant. They reached the southern end of the lake—not without hardship and difficulty again. The wind was in getting back; and once he blew such a squall that they had to throw overboard the only cask of fresh water they had. They were now compelled to row for their lives, to reach the Jordan before they perished with thirst; but he soon scorched them from a cloudless sky, and the air was like a furnace. When Costigan could row no longer, his servant made some coffee from the water of the lake, and then they lay down in the boat. But the man once more roused himself. By many efforts brought the boat to the head of the lake. They lay helpless for a whole day on the burning shore, unable to do more than throw salt water over each other from time to time. At last, however, the servant crawled away, in hopes of reaching Ribbah, which he did with extreme difficulty. He sent Costigan's horse down to the shore, with a supply of water. He was alive, and was carried to Jerusalem in the coolness of the night. He was taken care of in the Latin convent there; but he died in two days. Now a note relating to his enterprise was ever spoken; and during his illness he never opened his eyes. Any knowledge that he might have gained has perished with him; and no reliable information could be obtained from his servant, who died in the American burying ground, and whose grave I saw the stone which tells his melancholy story. He died in 1835.

There appears to be no satisfactory evidence as to whether any fish are to be found in the Dead Sea. Our guides said that some small black fish had been seen there; but others deny this. A dead fish has been found on the shore near the spot where the Jordan enters the lake; but this might have been cast up by the overflow of the river. It is said that small birds do not fly over this lake, on account of the deleterious nature of its atmosphere. About small birds I cannot speak; but I saw two or three vultures winging their way down it obliquely. The curious lights which hung over the water, as we approached the Dead Sea, were very positive about it, and they certainly did observe the fact very carefully. Yet I have seen, since my return, a clergyman who bathed there, and who declared to me that his skin was so itchy, for some days after, that he could not get rid of it, even from his hands. And the trust-worthy Dr. Robertson, a late traveller there, says, "After coming out, I perceived nothing of the salt crust upon the body, of which so many speak. There was a slight pricking sensation, especially when the skin had been chafed; and a sort of greasy feeling, as of oil, upon the skin, which lasted for several hours." The contrast of these testimonies, and the diversity which exists among the analyses of the waters which have been made by chemists, seem to show that the quality of the waters of the Dead Sea varies. And it appears reasonable that it should; for it must make a great difference whether fresh waters have been pouring into the basin of the lake, after the winter rains, or a great evaporation has been going on under the summer's sun.

In following the margin of the sea, we had to cross a creek, where my skirt was splashed. These splashes turned presently to thin crusts of salt; and the moisture and stickiness were as great a week afterwards as at the moment.

We wound among salt marshes and brakes, in and out of the desolate shores of this sea; this sea, which is not the least dead and dreary for being as clear and blue as a fresh mountain tarn. As we ascended the ranges of hills which lay between us and the convent where we were to rest, the Jordan valley opened northwards, and the Dead Sea southwards, till the extent traversed by the eye was really vast. How beautiful must it have been once, when the Jordan valley, whose verdure was now shrunk into a black line amidst the sands, was like an interminable garden; and when the cities of the plain stood bright and busy where the Dead Sea now lay

blank and grey! As I took my last look back, from a great elevation, I thought that so mournful a landscape, for one having real beauty, I had never seen.

From the National Intelligencer. SECOND DESPACHES FROM MAJOR DOWNING.

Headquarters, Mexico, new addition to the United States, October 25, 1847.

MR. GALE & SEATON: My dear old friends, General Scott and I find a good deal of bother about getting our despatches through, or you'll hear from me often. I clearing out this road from here to Vera Cruz and keeping it open, and introducing the improvements into the country that we stand so much in need of here. He and Mr. Ritchie pretends to have constitutional scruples about it, and says the constitution don't allow of internal improvements, and Mr. Ritchie says the resolutions of '98 is dead again it too; and besides Mr. Ritchie says these internal improvements is a Federal doctrine, and he'd always go agin 'em for that if nothing else. But 'tis strange to me the President hasn't never found out yet that where there's a will there's a way, constitution or no constitution. All he's got to do is to call all these roads round here in Mexico "military roads," and then he'd have the constitution on his side, for every body knows the constitution allows him to make military roads. I know the President is very delicate about fringing on the constitution, so I don't blame him so much for holding back about the internal improvements here in Mexico, though I don't think there's any other part of the United States where they are needed more. But there's no need of splitting hairs about the roads; military roads isn't internal improvements, and he's a right to make military roads as much as he pleases. And as there is just the kind of roads we want here, and shall want for fifty years, (for our armies will have to keep marching about the country for fifty years before they'll be able to tame these Mexicans and turn 'em into Americans,) it's confounded strange to me that the President is so behind hand about this business. What's the use of our going on and annexing away down south here, if he don't back us up and hold on to the slack? And there's no way to hold on to it but to keep these military roads open so that our armies can go back and forth to bring us in victuals and powder and shot and money.

Here we've been, six weeks and weeks since we annexed the city of Mexico, waiting and holding on for the President to send us more men and more money, and tell us what to do next. This backwardness of the President since we got into the city of Mexico seems the more strange to me, considering, For, when he was fixing me off to come out here and see if I could make a settlement with Santa Anna, I tried to persuade him to let the armies hold still while I was making the bargain. I told him he could never bring a man to reason or to trade when he was knocking him down all the time. But I couldn't make him seem to understand it. He stood to it his way was the best—the sword in one hand and peace in the other, all the way along—a word and a blow, and the blow always first.

"Why, Major Downing," says he, "if you want to reason a man into peace, that's another thing; but if you want to conquer a peace, my way is the only way. That's the way I begun this war, and that's the way I mean to carry it out."

"How so?" says I; "how did you begin the war in that way?"

"Why," says he, "Slidell was the word, and Taylor was the blow; and not only that, but even my enemies, admit that the blow came first."

The President said that was the rule he had gone by all the way along, and he meant to stick to it; and not hearing any thing from him so long, I'm afraid he's got a notion that peace is conquered. But that would be a bad mistake, if he's got such a notion; for it isn't conquered; it's only scotched. It's a good deal as 'twas with Bill Johnson, when he and I was boys, and he undertook to conquer a hornet's nest, and expects to get lots of honey. He took a club and marched bravely up to it and hit it an awful dig, and knocked it into a thousand splinters.

"There, blast you," says Bill, "I guess you're doing now." He began to look round for the hornet; but 'twas n't conquered; 'twas only scotched. And presently they began to fly at him and sting him on all sides. One hit him a dab on the arm, and another on his leg, and another in his face. At last Bill found he should soon be done to himself, if he staid there, so he cut and ran.

"Hallo," says I, "Bill where's your honey?"

"Darn it all," says he, "if I hadn't got no honey, I knocked their house to pieces; I've got that to comfort me."

I wish you would try to convince the President that 'tis only scotched here; 'tis n't conquered, and he must give us the means to keep moving, or we shall get badly scotched by him. If he only backs up well, I'll pledge myself that we'll carry out the campaign marked out in my last despatches, which would bring us clear down to Cape Horn in four or five years; and I'm very anxious to get there, it strikes me that would be such a good horn to hold on to in all dilemmas, even if all the rest of the country went by the board. I dreamt 'tother night that we had got through annex all North and South America; and then I thought our whole country was turned into a monstrous great ship of war, and Cape Horn was the bowsprit and Mr. Polk the captain. And the captain was walking the deck with his mouth shut, and every body was looking at him and wondering what he was going to do next. At last he sung out, "Put her about; we'll sail across now and take Europe and Asia and Africa in tow—don't stop for bird's-egg; wing round among the West India Islands; we can pick them up as we come back a long—crowd all sail now and let her have it."

Away we went; I never see a ship sail faster. The wind began to blow harder and harder, and then it came on an awful storm, and at last it blowed a perfect hur-

ricane. The sails began to go to flitters, and she rolled as if she was going to upset. Some of the oldest and best sailors among the crew told the captain we should all go to destruction if he didn't take in sail, and furl and clew up, and get things tight, and bring her head round to the wind. Mr. Ritchie was standing by his side, and says he, "Captain Polk, them is all nothing but Federal lies, as I've shown hundreds of times, not only in the Union, but years ago in the Enquirer. Them fellows only want to give aid and comfort to the enemy; don't pay any attention to 'em—Here's the chart, (he held up in his hand the resolutions of '98, sail by this, and I'll risk her on any tack, and in all weathers."

On we went, lickity-split, the harycane blowed harder, the timbers began to creak, the sails split to ribbons, some of the spars began to snap and go by the board, and then all at once there was a terrible cry, "breakers ahead!" The Captain then jumped as if he was wide awake; and says he, "call all hands and put her about!" But when the officers come to give orders to the crew, not one of them would mind or pay any attention. The whole crew was in a mutiny; and the ship was so large and the crew was such a mixed up mess of folks that there was more than twenty different mutinies all at once in different parts of the vessel.

"Well," says Captain Polk, "if wash my hands of this mischief; if the crew won't turn to and help, the ship must go ashore."

Then an old sailor spoke up and said: "All the crews in the world couldn't do any good now; the ship was dished and must be plumped on the rocks; her sails and spars was gone, the timbers sprung, and the hold was already half full of water." In a few minutes she struck, and the rocks gored a hole through her side, and the water poured in, and down she sunk lower and lower, till at last she gave one mighty guggle, and plunged all under the water, except a piece of the bowsprit that still stuck out. The storm and the waves swept over her, and the whole crew and every body aboard was lost, except a few of us who scrambled up and clung to the bowsprit.

The hard spring I had to make to get on to the bowsprit waked me up; and, although I ain't one that thinks much of dreams, I cannot help thinking a good deal of Cape Horn, and naturally feel anxious to get along down that way as fast as we can; so I hope you'll urge the President to be a little more stirring, and let us have men and money a little faster.

I shall have to break off here for to-day, because I've got to write a little despatch to the President to send by the same post. I have received some letters from Uncle Joshua and other relations and friends in the old United States, and send some of 'em along to you, which you can, if you think best, hitch on to my despatches, just as General Scott takes the letters of his under-officers and hitches on his despatches, so I remain your old friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

No. 11.—To JAMES K. POLK, President of the United States and all annexed count.ies.

Headquarters, City of Mexico, Annexed United States October 25, 1847.

DEAR COLONEL: Things is getting along here as well as could be expected, considering the help we have, but we are altogether too weak-handed to work to profit. If you want us to hurry along down south, we need a good deal more help and more money. It wouldn't be no use to give that three millions of dollars to Santa Anna now, for the people here has got so used with him that he couldn't make peace if he had six millions. He's skulking about the country, and has as much as he can do to take care of himself. So I think you had better give up the notion about peace altogether, it'll be such a hard thing to get and send us the three millions here to help us along in our annexation. It's dangerous standing still in this annexation business. It's like the old woman's soap; if it don't go ahead, it goes back. It would be a great help to us in the way of holdin on to what we get, if you would carry out that plan of giving the Mexican land to settlers from the United States as fast as we annex it. I've been very impatient to see your proclamation offering the land to settlers to come out here. You've no idea how much help it would be to us if we only had a plenty of our folks out here, so that, as fast, we killed a Mexican or drove him off from his farm, we could put an American right on it. If we could plant as we go, in this way, we should soon have a crop of settlers here that could hold on to the slack themselves, and leave the army free to go ahead and keep on annexin.

I thought, when I left Washington, you was a going to put out such a proclamation right away. And I think you are putting it off a good deal too long, for we've got land and farms enough here now for two hundred thousand at least; and, if they would only come on fast enough I think we could make room for twenty thousand a week for a year to come. But I'm afraid you're too delicate about doing your duty in this business; you are such a stickler for the constitution. I'm afraid you'd wait for Congress to meet so as to let them have a finger in the pie. But I wouldn't do it; if you do, I'm afraid you'll wish your cake was dough again. From all I can hear from home, things is looking rather squally there. Our party seems to be falling off; in New York State they are all faded into Barnburners and Hunkers, and it looks all over the country as if the Whigs were coming into power; and if they should, it would be a terrible calamity for they are too narrow minded and too much behind the age to understand the rights of this annexation business, and it's ten chances to one if they don't contrive some way to put a stop to it.

I've got a good deal more that I want to say, and some advice I should like to give you, but I shall be obliged to leave it till my next despatch. I needn't stop to tell you about General Scott in this, cause I suppose he'll speak for himself. But I must close I went out to-day to see General Cushing, and found him awfully tickled about being nominated for Governor of

the Old Bay State. At first he was a good deal amazed at it; he was as much surprised as you was, Colonel, when you first heard you was nominated for President. What amazed him so much was, that he'd always been thinking all along that he was a Whig till the nomination came, and then he jumped up and snapped his fingers, and said he believed, after all, the Democrats was the right party.

He is in great spirits, and says he's no doubt he shall be elected. He goes for annexin now the hottest of any of us, and says he takes the great Alexander for his model, and goes for annexin as long as there is any country left to annex. His ankle is quite well, and General Pillow's foot is a good deal better.

I have the honor to be your private embassador and faithful friend, from fifty-four forty on one side down to Cape Horn on tother.

MAJ. JACK DOWNING.

[Following official example, we defer the letters from Major Jack's relations, which he speaks of, to some time when we have more room for them than we can spare to-day.—Ed. N. Y. Int.]

COMMUNICATED. TO "A WHIG."

Sir—My reply to your communication appearing in the Star of the 23d of October last, has called from you a lengthy but aqueous production which it behooves me in some measure to notice, in order that your wisdom, foresight, and toleration may be ascertained and fully appreciated. Giving scope to your unbridled feelings, you have stigmatized us as dishonorable, denounced us as traitors—have substantially declared that our resistance to what you supposed to be principle, is *ipso facto*, treason in its blackest form—and have sagely discovered in my answer a Jacobinical assault against Whig principle; and, therefore, anticipating an utter demolition of that dear fabric, have hurried to rescue a sinking cause, as you believe it, from impending ruin. (We are somewhere told in ancient history that Oseph, a Libyan king, anxious to have his subjects believe him a God, and pay him divine honors, had the birds of the grove taught to pronounce, as they flitted through the trees, "Oseph is a God.") The words were repeated again and again until they were considered oracular, and the gullible Lybians bowed in adoration before their king. In our day, too, birds are to be found prating in one God and that one a Demos. Aye, in very truth, can we find them croaking bad omens to the people's faint throes who, scanning scurvily, see proper to exercise their constitutional privileges in opposition to the dictates of a tribunal in which may have had no faith.